Numb. 76.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** October 29th. to **Wedneſday** November 3d. 1708.

Q. *THE Contemplating the State of Mankind after Death, together with Temporal Unhappineſs has begat in me a Life of Sorrow, more terrible than the Regions of Death. I entreat your Advice to a poor Unhappy Soul, that is reduc'd to very Unhappy Circumſtances, thro' loſſes and compaſſionate kindneſs to others; and is now in Deſpair. The Allmighty hand has been long heavy upon me, inſomuch that I am now at a loſs what courſe to take, otherwiſe than the one only remedy of deſtroying Life. 'Tis much my grief, fearing the Lord hath caſt me out of his Favour. Likewiſe I can't bear, that any one ſhou'd ſuffer by me; and yet I cannot avoid it.*

A. Since you are tortur'd with the bare Suſpicion of having loſt that Favour, which *is Better than Life it ſelf*, we wonder, that it ſhou'd enter into your thoughts, by ſo Heinous a Tranſgreſſion, as that of Self-murder, to bring Inevitably upon your ſelf the very Object of your Fears. Are you Fearful of an Allmighty Hand, and yet can think of Daring the Divine Diſpleaſure? Do you dread an Excluſion from the Beatifick Viſion, and yet are Willing to Exclude Your ſelf? Are you in a kind of Agony, leſt *the Pains of Hell ſhou'd take hold upon you*, and are yet Deſirous to be *Tormented before the time*? To tremble at *the Terrors of the Lord*, and yet to call a ruſhing headlong into Eternal Flames the one only remedy, are Inconſiſtences.

Has your Contemplation upon a Future State occaſion'd your Deſpair? Diſmiſs your over ſollicitous concern, baniſh your unreaſonable fears, ſince it is within your power to make Proviſion againſt *the Evil Day*; ſince He, *with whom you have to do*, is a Merciful, a Gracious God; a God not ſo *ſtrict to mark, what is done amiſs*, as that frail Mortality ſhall not be *able to abide it*. Affront not Him, who Died for you; who is ever ready with Extended Arms to Receive, to Embrace the Returning Sinner. Affront Him not by an Under-ratement of his Merits, by a Deſpondence of his Mercy. Sure a Rigid Saviour, a ſevere Redeemer, are Inconſiſtent Terms.

But why does your Temporal Unhappineſs ſo much aggravate your Sorrow? Do you think, that God Diſtinguiſhes his Favours by Temporal Enjoyments? Where then are Thoſe, *who were ſtoned, were ſawn aſunder, were tempted, were ſlain with the Sword*? where are Thoſe, *who wandered about in Sheepskins and Goatskins, afflicted, tormented*? And yet obſerve the Character the Mouth of Truth has given them; *of whom the World was not worthy.*

But are you under a concern, that you are not permitted to enjoy the good things of Life? Alas! One wou'd be apt to think, that a man ſo wonderfully ſollicitous for Eternity ſhou'd Overlook the World, Deſpiſe the Momentary Scene, be willing to Drink of the Cup, which his Saviour drank of, willing *thro' many Temptations to enter Into the Kingdom of God.*

What you ſay of others ſuffering by you; ſince it may refer to Different Circumſtances, we wou'd deſire you to explain your ſelf upon the matter; and then we ſhall endeavour to give you Satisfaction as well in this as in any other thing deſir'd by ſo Diſconſolate a Queriſt.

Q. *Pray, Gentlemen, reconcile the words of our Saviour, and the aſſertion of St.* Athanaſius.

In the 28th Verſe *of the* 14th Chap. *of St.* John's *Goſpel Chriſt ſays, my Father is Greater than I.*

St. Athanaſius (*in his Creed ſpeaking of the Bleſſed Trinity*) *ſays, the whole three Perſons are Co-eternal together, and coequal.*

A. When one Perſon in the Trinity is ſaid to be Greater than Another, this is to be Underſtood, not Abſolutely, but in a Certain reſpect only. The Father therefore may be ſtil'd the Greateſt, in that he is the Fountain of the Deity; the Father and the Son may be ſtil'd Greater than the Holy Ghoſt, in that He Proceeded from them both. And yet the Three Perſons are Coequal together, in that the Father communicated to the Son, the Father and the Son communicated to the Holy Ghoſt, an Equality of All Perfections.

Q. *Gentlemen, Pray, reſolve me how God can be ſaid to be merciful, Mercy being the mitigation of Juſtice, of which his pure nature cannot be capable, ſeeing what ever he wills, is Juſt, and ſo he cannot be thought in any thing in which he wills, to recede from Juſtice, and ſo can no more properly be ſaid to be Merciful, than one Act can be both the Law and the Mitigation of the Law.*

A. Your Queſtion ariſes from your not Conſidering, that there are two ſorts of Juſtice, Vindictive and Moral juſtice. To recede from the Latter is a Mighty Imperfection, and therefore Incompatible to the Divine Nature: To recede from the For-

mer is a Glorious Perfection, and therefore not Incongruous to a Perfect Being.

Q. *Two Country men ſell two ſorts of Corn,* A, 6 *Buſhells*; *but* B, *receives for his Corn* 20 *Shillings*; *And* B, *ſays to* A: *If we add the number of my Buſhells and your Shillings, the Sum will be* 28 s. A *anſwers, and if I add the ſquare of my Shillings to the ſquare of your Buſhells, the Total will be* 424. *The Queſtion is, how many Buſhells* B *ſold, and how many Shillings* A *receiv'd?*

A. Since the Corn, which the two Country-men ſell are of Different Sorts, and Conſequently of Different Prices; and ſince withal you acquaint us not; whether *A* or *B* has the Beſt Corn, there can nothing more be done than to Divide the 28th into 2 ſuch Parts, as that the Addition of the Squares of Each may amount to 424, and therefore the 28 muſt be Divided into 18 and 10. But whether the greater number be the Shillings belonging to *A*, or the Buſhells belonging to *B*, it is impoſſible Poſſitively to affirm for the foreſaid reaſon. But ſince the Allotment of 18 to the Shillings of *A*, and 10 to the Buſhells of *B* is moſt agreeable to the preſent price of Corn, we conclude that allotment to be not Improper.

Q. *Gentlemen, There being a diſpute depending, whether Glaſs is ſubject to decay by proceſs of time, we deſire your Opinion of the Matter. Yours,* Philanthropos.

A. All things are ſubject to Decay, unleſs allways Exrinſically ſupplied, which is Incompatible to Glaſs. But the Decay of Glaſs is ſo ſlowly Gradual, as to be Imperceptible. But tho' it were more Perceptible in Progreſs of time, yet it's brittle frame allows it ſo ſhort a Duration, that we cou'd ſcarcely make the Experiment.

Q. *Who was the Inventor of Wine, where and when?*

A. Noah is the Firſt, we read of, that Planted a Vineyard, and drank the Wine thereof. For Profane Hiſtories give us no tolerable account of Occurrences ſo Early as the Days of *Noah*. This Particular is related of him immediately ſubſequent to his Deſcent from the Ark: And therefore we may ſuppoſe, that it happen'd not long after the Flood. To know where he Planted his Vineyard, we muſt conſider, where the Ark reſted: Namely, upon Mount *Ararat*; which, as ſome ſuppoſe, is a Mountain in *Armenia*. But others think (and with more Probability) that it is the ſame with Mount *Caucaſus* in *Mingrelia*. But ſince we may ſuppoſe he immediately deſcended from the Mountain, and perhaps travail'd ſomewhat further before he ſettled, ſo he might firſt make the Delicious Liquor in *Xenſi*, the moſt North-weſt Province of *China*.

Gentlemen, tho' I have no great Opinion of your Wit (ſo far from it, that I have made it the Subject of my publick Raillery and Ridicule) yet becauſe your Opinion at preſent may be of ſome ſervice to me (who have learn'd not to deſpiſe the Advice even of Fools) I reſolved to come almoſt as far as from the Great City Senate-Houſe to ask you one Queſtion.

I am by Profeſſion one of the Sons of Æſculapius (*whereby if I thought it would be any Credit or Advantage to me, I might claim ſome Relation to your Father*) *and am a going to ſet up for my ſelf, And tho' I do (as I may ſay) underſtand the Buſineſs very well, be it known unto you, I am fallen ill of a Diſeaſe, which all my skill cannot cure: For I'm d------ly in Love with a Young Lady, you know where, no doubt on't. But her Fortune being at preſent very ſmall (tho by the way her Wages of* 3*l. every Year, will in time come to be a conſiderable Sum) I am afraid to marry her leſt I ſhould find my ſelf uncapable of maintaining her. Now, pray, good Gentlemen, give me your Opinion of my Caſe, and you will very much oblige* R. W.

A. We return you thanks for your diſowning our Wit, for did you acknowledge it, the Ignorant might be induc'd to believe you underſtood us, which would be a ſeverer Satyr on us than all your Toothleſs Lines. As for your Raillery, did we own an Anger to looſe ſo poorly on ſo wretched a Subject, we ſhould ſoon be appeaſed by finding it only a Lampoon upon your own Dulneſs. Your Relation to *Æſculapius*, your Stile tells us, could only be preſum'd by your being a Jack Pudding to ſome Quack, and the Buſineſs you pretend to underſtand, to be your notable Dexterity in handing down to the Mob your Maſters two Penny Pacquets. But now it ſeems you are ſetting up for your ſelf, which we ſuppoſe is, to get ſome Wall-ey'd old Mare, and ſtand Sentinel at the end of a Blind Alley, and there to underſell your Maſter in Cures for Corns, Kib'd Heels and Scald Heads. But after all, we find you Deſpair of getting enough to maintain your *Blouſabella*, after the rate of three pounds a Year. Therefore for cure of your Love, we adviſe you e'en to hang your ſelf, that you may be no more trouble to us, nor Offence to the reſt of the World.

Q. *I deſire you will nicely Define the reaſon, why a Diſcourſe of* no weight *ſhould yet be* Burthenſome *to the Company. Yours,* J. J.

A. Indeed, Sir, your Queſtion of *no Weight*, is very *Burthenſome* to Us. And a good reaſon we can give, why it is ſo *Burthenſome*, namely, becauſe, it is of no *Weight*.

Q. *Gentlemen, I would deſire you to anſwer the following Queſtion in your next, which will oblige Yours to Command. Why Women have not Beards as well as Men? Your Admirer* S. R.

A. Anſwer'd *Britiſh Apollo*, Numb.

Q. *What is the reaſon of a Man's Hair growing Grey, there being ſeveral inſtances of ſome being ſo at* 20, *and of ſome being as Grey at* 30, *as others at* 70 *Years.*

A. This Untimely alteration of the Hair, ſeems to Ariſe from the Predominance of Flegm in that Juice that Nouriſheth the Hair; whence the Hairs of the Head and Face ſooneſt turn white, becauſe the Brain moſtly abounds with Pituitous Humours.

POEMS.

A Paſtoral Occaſion'd by the Death of His Royal Highneſs the PRINCE.

Dorinda *and* Silvia.

Dor. WHY Mourns my *Silvia*, why theſe (Flowing Eyes,
This Heaving Breaſt, and theſe Heart-piercing Sighs,
Is *Corridon* unkind? Or have your Sheep
(Neglected) Stray'd, whilſt you their Roving weep?

Sil. Ah! no——Had I the Griſly Wolf beheld,
Devour them Quick (and yet they ne'er rebell'd,
But always at my Call, Obedient came,
Each Bounding with Delight, to hear his Name)
Such Flouds of Tears, their Loſs wou'd ne'er deplore,
Nor *Corridon*, *altho'* He *were no more.*
But ſuch a Mournful Sight I've ſeen, alas!
So ſad, ſo wondrous ſad, 'twill far ſurpaſs,
All that my Falt'ring Tongue knows to relate,
The moſt *Terrifick Blow of Unauſpicious Fate.*

Oh!

Oh! Had I ſunk into Eternal Reſt,
Before the *Viſion* had diſturb'd my Breaſt!
Dor. Altho' thy words Portentous ſeem, mine Ear
Expands to take them, whilſt it dreads to hear;
Dear *Silvia*, let thy Voice the whole confeſs,
I'll bear my Part, to make thy Load the leſs.
Sil. Firſt let me eaſe a while my o'ercharg'd Eyes,
For ev'ry Accent will advance Supplies.
——In Yonder Dark and Melancholly Shade,
Of Baleful *Yew* and Fatal *Cyprus* Made,
URANIA ſits—— diſſolv'd alas! in Tears,
And by Her lies---*DOR*. Oh! My Prophetick Fears.
Sil. Departed CELADON. Her faithful Sheep
Stand gazing round, and *Mournful Silence* keep:
The Drooping Choiriſters with *Flagging Wing*,
His *Obſequies* in *Dying Accents* ſing:
The Murm'ring Brook, the *Oſiers* ſlowly Laves,
Moves heav'ly on, and *Checks* the following Waves:
A *Gen'ral Huſh goes round*, ſhock'd at the *Blow*,
URANIA's tender Heart, muſt undergo.
Dor. Oh! Ceaſe a while, ſuch big-ſwoln Griefs (ariſe,
Oh! Ceaſe, 'till they find Paſſage through mine Eyes.
——The Thrilling Sorrows of *URANIA's Heart*,
Who can Imagine and not feel a Part.
She whoſe *Unrival'd Charms*, the World engage,
The *Choice* of *Heav'n*, and *Darling* of the *Age*;
As *Good*, as *Great*, as *Merciful* as *Wiſe*,
Joy of all Hearts, *Delight* of all our Eyes;
So *Soft her Temper*, ſo *Compaſſionate*,
It *Stifles* Envy, as it *Cancels* Hate.
When *She* muſt *Suffer*, and ſuch Sorows Feel,
What Heart of Adamant, what Breaſt of Steel,
What *Cruel Tyrant*, Barb'rouſly Inclin'd,
But muſt, *Relenting*, grow both *Soft* and *Kind*,
And ſuch a *Loſs* as *CELADON*, bemoan,
Whilſt Univerſal Nature gives a Groan:
——For *Oh, their Tender Loves!*
Sil. Prophan'd, when they're compar'd to *Turtle-Doves.*
Not ſuch *Soft Tenderneſs* the Mother knows,
To ſee the *Product* of her Cruel Throws;
Not ſuch the *Bluſhing Virgin*, when her Heart,
Takes firſt Impreſſion from th' unerring Dart;
Not ſuch the *Lover* when his *Nymph* complies,
And He with the Extatick Pleaſure dies.
But *Faint Eſſays* theſe, to our *Royal Pair*,
Whoſe *Gen'rous Souls*, far more Capacious were,
And more *Extenſive Paſſions* form'd to bear,
Bare *Union* cou'd not their *Bright Loves* expreſs,
More like to *Angel's Flames*, when they *Careſs*,
And Mingling Forms, Seraphick Joys confeſs.
Dor. What *One* Injoy'd, the *Other* did partake,
The Joy *Exalted* for the *Other's* ſake.
Crowns, Thrones and Triumphs, which amuſe the (Great,
Ballanc'd with *Love*, were *Overpoiz'd in Weight*;
A *Spacious Throne Each* to the *Other* was,
Which all the *Thrones* on Earth did far ſurpaſs,
When Home, or Forreign Exigences Preſt,
Or Cares of State fatigu'd *Urania's* Breaſt,
Their Trouble and Concernment ſtrait were gone,
And vaniſh'd in the *Smiles* of *CELADON.*
Sil. When Her *Victorious Arms* from *Hoſtile Fields*,
Brought all the *Joys*, *Triumphant Conqueſt* Yields,
Unmov'd She ſeem'd, till *CELADON She* found,
And His *Lov'd Temples*, with the *Laurels* Crown'd.
Whilſt He releas'd from all *Morbific Pains*,
A *Perfect Health* enjoy'd through all his *Veins*;
For Her *Bright*, *Saluti'rous Preſence* brought,
More *Eaſe* than *Æſculapius-skill* e'er wrought.
Dor. In *Mutual Joys* their Hours thus ſlid away,
Their Mutual Joys increaſing ev'ry Day,
Thus did *They* in continu'd Raptures Live,
And all the *Bliſs*, which *Heav'n* on *Earth* cou'd give.
Sil. But now alas! They're ceas'd, for ever done-
For *CELADON*, oh Dreadful Sound! Is *gone*,
Gone to *Eternal Reſt*, new *Thrones* to gain,
And *Never*, *Never*, muſt return again.
Dor. In vain *URANIA's Tears*, in vain Her *Cries*,
In vain *Her Mournful Plaints* and *Scalding Sighs*,
In vain *Her Soft Deſires*, and all *Her Charms*,
They ne'er again muſt Bring *Him* to Her *Longing* (*Arms.*
Sil. Silent She ſits beneath the *Horrid Gloom*,
Nor *Thinks* nor *Hopes* for any *Joys* to come,
Whilſt *vaſt tumultuous Griefs* croud on *Her Breaſt*,
Fixt like the Center, yet *She finds* no *Reſt.*
Now *She* revolves on all the *Bliſs is paſt*,
Then *ſighs* to think, that *She* has ſeen the *Laſt:*
That now their *Mutual Flames* no more muſt *burn*,
Nor *Chearful Hours* of *Converſe* e'er again *return*;
Oppreſt then with the *Load*, *She ſinks* to Earth,
And then *Revives* to give her Woes *New Birth*;
Which by *freſh* Acquiſitions, Greater Grow,
Till all Tenacious Bounds the Torrents Overflow.
No *Mortal* can expreſs a Grief like *Thine*,
No *Mortal*, who is not like *Thee*, *Divine*,
Inform'd with ſuch a vaſt *Capacious Soul*,
In which ſo large a Floud of Grief may Roul,
And yet *too Great e'n for thy ſelf* they Grow,
And all Tenacious Bounds, and Torrents Overflow.
But ſee *Dorinda*, *Night* with ſolemn Pace,
Moves ſlowly on, and *Phœbe's ſickly* Face,
Bound up in Clouds, Aſcends Yon Eaſtern Skies,
Whilſt *Chearful Day* Her *Mournful Viſage* flies.
The *Prieſts of Pan*, their Ev'ning Offrings bring,
And to th' Indulgent *God* their *Veſpers* ſing.
For his *Protection* of their Sheep all Day,
But *Ours*, *neglected*, all are gone aſtray.
Dor. For ever let them wander, ſince no Reſt,
Muſt e'er re-enter my forſaken Breaſt;
O'ercharg'd with Sorrows for *URANIA's* ſake:
Sil. So much my ſad and troubled Thoughts partake,
They ſit upon my Soul (Griev'd at the Sight)
Like heavy *Plumets* of *Eternal Night.*

Dor. Let's

Dor. Let's part now Deareſt *Silvia*, for our Woe
Begins, alas! *Ineffable* to grow;
And yet my *Boding Soul* (to add new Pain)
Whiſpers, alas! we ne'er ſhall meet again.

Sil. Something ſo *Ominous* in mine appears,
As ſays 'twill ſoon be wafted hence in Tears.
A *long Farewel, Eternally Adieu,*

Dor. A *long Farewell*, to *Love* and *Life* and *You.*

Note, That on Friday next will be publiſh'd another Poem occaſion'd by the Death of the Prince, but neither of the Papers which contain them, will be diſpos'd of, to any Perſons, but to thoſe who are our Subſcribers, or ſuch as ſhall become ſo, and take the Set back, that we may not break the few Sets we have remaining; but both the ſaid Poems will be printed in one Sheet for the uſe of others, and for ſuch Subſcribers as ſhall think fit to preſent them to their Friends.

The Errata's *in laſt Friday's Paper.*

In the 2 Col. of the firſt Page, line the 18th. inſtead of *onjoyn'd*, read *enjoyn'd*, line the 30th. inſtead of *Neither*, read *Either*. In the 3d Page col. 2d line the 18th. inſtead of *middle fix'd* read *middle fix'd*; And in the firſt Col. of the laſt Page, line the firſt, inſtead of *fite* read *fire*.

SIR,

THE Advices from the Camp of General Count Staremberg at Spallargas in Catalonia, bearing date Octob. the 5th. are, that they follow'd the French Army when they decamp'd from Agramunt, and retir'd over the Segra; And the Prince of Darmſtad, in the March, being detach'd with 4000 Men, made himſelf Maſter of one of the Enemies Poſts, in which were above 100 Men. After which, he detach'd an hundred and fifty Grenadiers, who in the Night ſurpriz'd ſome of the Enemies Batallions, in their Tents, near the Noguera, kill'd above 400 of them with their Bayonets, and entirely ruin'd a Batalion of the Walloon Guards: But the Enemy's Camp being alarm'd, Our Grenadiers were oblig'd to retire, who brought off with them ſix Colours which they took on this Occaſion. 'Tis advis'd from the Camp before Lille, that the Beſiegers are at preſent carrying on their Approaches by ſapping under the Out-works of the Cittadel; that the Trenches were advanc'd within 40 Paces of the Saliant Angle of the firſt Cover'd Way, and 'tis hop'd they ſhall be ready to attack it the 5th. That the Soldiers are continually going into the City to buy Proviſions, of which there is ſufficient plenty. That Lieutenant General deSurville, who commanded in the Cittadel under the Mareſchal de Boufflers, receiving a Muſket-ſhot in his Hip, deſir'd leave to go to Doway, which was granted him: That by an exact Liſt, which is made up, of the kill'd and wounded, on part of the Allies during the Siege of that City, ſince the 14th of Auguſt to the 22d of October, it appears that there was 3632 kill'd, and 8322 wounded: That, 'tis thought they have ſufficient Stores of Ammunition and Proviſions for the Siege of the Cittadel. From the Hague they adviſe, that a Detachment of the Troops of the Duke of Marlborough, took ths Fort of Boefingen near Ipres, wherein they found 1500 Sacks of Corn deſign'd for the French Troops in Bruges, that all the Advices from the North, import, that General Lowenhaupt has been defeated by the Muſcovites, that the Swedes loſt above 10000 Men, and all their Baggage, and that the Muſcovites lo't a much greater number, but remain'd Maſters of the Field of Battle. The Advices from the Duke of Marlborough's Camp at Rouſſelaer Novemb. the 5th are, that His Grace deſigning to make a General Forrage, order'd the Troops poſted at Rouſſelaer and ſome others, to ſieze the Convenient Poſts about Ipres, which was done accordingly, and that place was under a Blockade for 2 or 3 days, during which time they Forrag'd in the Neighbourhood without any oppoſition; and brought off a great Quantity of Forrage, Corn, and other Proviſions, ſo that they have plenty of all things for 20 days; That the Brigadier Briſſelwitz was detach'd with 9 Squadrons for la Baſſee to reinforce the Troops poſted there. That the Hereditary Prince of Heſſe Caſſel being expected at this Camp to take the Command of the Cavalry of the States, in the room of the Count de Tilly, who commands their Forces in Chief ſince the Death of Monſieur d' Auverquerque, has left the Command of the Troops at la Baſiee to General Wakerbert, where there are 4000 Boars employ'd in the Fortifications of that Poſt, beſides the Soldiers; and that Lens, Armentiers, and ſeveral other Poſts are fortifying with all ſpeed, as well to ſecure thoſe Poſts, as to preveut the deſigns the Enemy had to carry all the Corn out of the Open Country into their Garriſons, Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

The Number of our Subſcribers ſo greatly increaſing, and by Conſequence the Number of Queſtions ſent us, that we cannot poſſibly give a General Satisfaction within the Compaſs of our Paper, we deſign a Quarterly Book of 3 Sheets in a Small Character, in which we will give Anſwers to all worthy thereof, which we could not get into our other Papers; we have no doubt but this will be acceptable, ſince it will not raiſe the Yearly Charge to that of the moſt vulgar News Papers, altho' a whole Sheet and upon fine Paper, beſides we do oblige none to take it, but ſuch as deſire it. The firſt is preparing for thoſe Queſtions upon our Hands.

Any Perſons upon Directing their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Keeble* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houſes (in the City or Suburbs) at 2*s. per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6 *d. per* Quarter more: Thoſe who come within the Quarter, to have proportional Deductions at the End. Alſo Books of Guards Sets may be had on directing as above, from the Beginning.

Note, That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order ſome Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, ſince they come not in on thoſe hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

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